ENGLANDS
UNANIMOUS SENCE
To the present
PARLIAMENT.

HEnce sordid Fear, our spirits shall not droop,
We will no more to such distraction stoop.
It shan't be said we have dejected hearts,
But that with courage we do act our parts:
Heroickly our Spirits we'l advance,
Despise the Pope and potent King of *France*.
Their politick designs can't take effect
Unless we suffer't by a strange neglect;
Our sacred Soveraign for our content
Hath furnish'd us with a New Parliament;
Who doubtless will make it their greatest care
To keep our feet out of a Popish snare;
They will with diligence dissolve our fear,
No Popish Raskal must inhabit here.
Those Fly-blown crew of wicked Popish Elves
May now for pastime go and hang themselves:
Hence then with speed ye Fire-brands of Hell,
With Loyal Protestants ye shall not dwell;
Amongst the Sheep there is no room for Goats,
Nor here for Papists that would cut our Throats.

STERLING
METRIC

ENGLANDS

UNANIMOUS SENC

To the preſent

PARLIAMENT.

HEnce ſordid Fear, our ſpirits ſhall not droop,
We will no more to ſuch diſtraction ſtoop.
It ſhan't be ſaid we have dejected hearts,
But that with courage we do act our parts:
Heroickly our Spirits we'l advance,
Deſpiſe the Pope and potent King of *France*.
Their politick deſigns can't take effect
Unleſs we ſuffer't by a ſtrange neglect:
Our ſacred Soveraign for our content
Hath furniſh'd us with a New Parliament;
Who doubtleſs will make it their greateſt care
To keep our feet out of a Popiſh ſnare;
They will with diligence diſſolve our fear,
No Popiſh Raskal muſt inhabit here.
Thoſe Fly-blown crew of wicked Popiſh Elves
May now for paſtime go and hang themſelves:
Hence then with ſpeed ye Fire-brands of Hell,
With Loyal Proteſtants ye ſhall not dwell;
Amongſt the Sheep there is no room for Goats,
Nor here for Papiſts that would cut our Throats.

Therefore abandon us, flie to the Pope,
Or elſe your necks ſhall ſtretch in Hempen Rope.
With one accord we gladly now rejoyce,
And thank the Nation for ſo rare a choice
Of Knights and Burgeſſes for e'ry Town,
Which will we hope preſerve our King and Crown.
And let nothing in competition ſtand
Againſt the good and ſafeguard of our Land:
In order thereunto we beg they may
Obſerve theſe following Maxims e'ry day:
After that happy day wherein you meet
And are well ſeated in your Judgment-ſeat,
Send for thoſe Traitors now within the Tower,
And let them have their merits by your Power:
Forthwith to Juſtice do ſuch Traitors bring,
That dare preſume againſt our gracious King
To act ſuch Villanies with baſe conſent,
As to ſubvert our happy Government.
When that is done, let all thoſe Popiſh Knaves
That have endeavour'd for to make us Slaves,
Receive this ſentence with a joint conſent,
From *England* a perpetual Baniſhment.
Next unto this, ſee how our Fleet doth ſtand,
Let not a Rebel have in it Command;
Let no ſuſpected perſon have a Power,
We ſhall be then in danger e'ry hour.
When this is done, and all our Fleet ſecure,
The Force of *French* or *Turk* we can endure.
And for our ſafety, pray ſecure our Ports,
See who are made Commanders in our Forts;
Let none be there but ſuch as are well known
To be true Subjects to our King alone;

Such

Such as have courage and are known to be
True Proteſtants, of faithful Loyalty;
And will with diligence diſcharge their truſt,
And prove to King and Country True and Juſt:
Then may we ſay, we fear no Foraign parts,
Nor Popiſh Blood-hounds with their Magick arts.
After our Sea Ports thus in ſafety ſtands,
And are intruſted under good Commands,
Then to ſecure us from all further harms,
See who are made Commanders now at Armis;
Let Horſleach Papiſts all be quite debarr'd
Of any Office in our Martial Guard;
For if they once ſhould come into the Field,
To their commanding power we muſt yield:
Like greedy Wolves they'd ſeize us as their Prey,
And murder Proteſtants both night and day:
Thus ſhall we be tormented at their Will,
Until of Loyal blood they 've ſuck'd their fill.
Then will the Loyal Proteſtants decay,
When once the Popiſh Blood-hounds bear the ſway,
To ſave us then from dangers eminent,
You are our Guides, moſt Noble Parliament:
Our Body Politick is much diſeas'd,
And only by your Power can be eas'd;
It's only you that can our pain deſcry,
And eaſe the Torture of our Malady:
When by your skill the trembling Pulſe you feel
Of this our weak and tottering Common-weal,
You ſoon will find our body Politick
Of an Infectious Pain lies very ſick;
And therefore muſt be Purg'd with care and ſpeed,
And you are they that muſt perform this Deed.

Purge

Purge and cleanse not our Loyal blood
Be putrifi'd with Papists, Hells choice brood:
Then may we all unanimously say,
And to our Foes, blest be that happy day
Wherein our Parliament did first appear,
To be so kind thus to dissolve our fear;
Then may we say we are in hopes to see
Not only Months but Years of Jubilee;
The just complaints of a decaying Trade
Which formerly with sorrow we have made
Must then be buried, none can then complain,
For Trade will flourish in our Land again.
For which I wish I render, as we ought to do,
Thanks to our Royal Soveraign and you;
Whom God preserve from dangers, and defend
The Faith of Protestants, and so we end.

By *J. S.* Gent.

FINIS.

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Harris* at the *Stationers-Arms* in the *Piazza* under the *Royall Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1680.